

## The Stars and Stripes

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### THE DAY IT SHOULD BE

THE STARS AND STRIPES cannot but view with regret the avowed intention of certain officers and men of the A.E.F. to celebrate the coming Memorial Day with a program of field sports and baseball.

Such games are very well in their place, and the most efficacious in training men for the stern game of war; but the "holiday nature" of them, if we may call it that, is distinctly out of keeping with the spirit of our great commemorative day. This is doubly true in a time like the present, when almost every hour is adding to the list of those who "die to make men free."

Let us hark back for a moment, and recall the Memorial Days in our home towns years ago.

They were days of solemn thought-taking. They were days of prayer and thanksgiving—prayer for the repose of the souls of those who had fought for the right as God gave them to see the right, thanksgiving that those dead had not died in vain.

On those days all the good people of the town, whatever their politics, whatever their antecedents, wended their way with reverent step toward the common meeting-place, to recount the deeds of the gallant fallen, to dedicate themselves anew to the conserving of that heritage of freedom which the dead had made theirs.

With bowed heads the mothers, fathers, widows and children stood by the little flag-marked graves in the cemetery, and placed thereon their wreath offerings. Then, silently, they made their way back to their homes, the homes from which those brave men had gone forth, the homes which they had died to defend.

Time wore on. The little band of blue coated men, which used to march so sturdily on Memorial Day, dwindled in numbers, slackened in stride. Soon the survivors no longer marched, but rode. And with the gradual passing away of the living memorials to the great struggle, there came a gradual passing away of reverence for the memory of the honored dead.

Our war with Spain brought back a little of the old-time Memorial Day spirit, but that revival soon died down. Up to last year our Memorial Days, save in a few of the good old-fashioned communities that never forgot their sons, were at best rather sorry affairs compared to what they might have been, compared to what they always ought to be.

Following the lead of their thoughtless elders, even the children no longer had their exercises, recited the Gettysburg Address, and sang the Anthem. Everywhere the day was one for golf, for tennis, for baseball and the sports of track and field; for excursions, for theatergoing, for merry-making of all sorts.

The entry of the nation into the world war made an appreciable change. We began to realize, with shame, what we had forgotten, and to make tardy and frantic amends. We cannot afford, in this hour, to allow ourselves to slip back into the old callousness, to permit the dimming for a single instant of theuster that was and is the glory of the dead of '61 and '65; of the dead of '98—of the dead of 1917 and 1918.

Particularly is it incumbent upon us of the A.E.F.—the chosen representatives of the United Nation which the men of '61 and '65 lived, strove and died to uphold and conserve—to celebrate this Memorial Day soberly, seriously and aright, to carry ourselves back in thought to those old graves in America, to tend with reverence and awe these new graves in France.

Let it not be said of us that we are unmindful of our birthright, forgetful of those who made the Great Surrender in order that that birthright might be ours. Memorial Day is no mere holiday. In the best sense of the word, it is a holy day. It is our duty and our privilege, as Americans, to make and keep it so.

### A GREAT LITTLE STARTER

After the Kaiser has quitted this sphere for another, and a more fitting place, we would suggest this epitaph for his headstone:

### HERE LIES A MAN WHO STARTED MANY THINGS

This is a charitable epitome of the Kaiser's life. It gives all due credit and doesn't go into disagreeable details.

The Kaiser is one of the most consistent starters the world has ever known—but he is a mighty poor finisher.

In 1914 he started a march through Belgium to crush France. In February, 1917, he started a submarine campaign to "bring England to her knees in six months." Before that he started to destroy London with Zeppelins. He started through the French lines at Verdun. Last fall he started to crush Italy.

He hasn't finished any of these jobs yet. His principal result was to draw the United States and most of the rest of the world into the war against him.

The Kaiser's reasoning is faulty. Back

of it all, of course, was the starting of the war to gain world domination. Periodically, for 4,000 years, ambitious persons have sought to conquer the world. None ever did. If precedent is an authority, it is impossible. And, as flagrantly as he overlooked the lesson that history teaches, the Kaiser has miscalculated the effect of everything he has started.

In March, by starting his long range guns a day or two after the opening of his Flanders offensive, he made an obvious effort to stampede Paris and spread panic through France. He only angered Paris. His drive for victory in Picardy has only increased the determination of the Allies and stimulated America's effort. Now the Kaiser is fighting an enemy which, like the giant that Hercules fought, becomes ten times stronger each time it is struck.

The Kaiser has started many things. He will finish but one—Prussianism.

### THE D.S.M.

The Medal of Honor and the D.S.C.—these are the decorations our Army confers for gallantry in action.

But not all war is waged in action nor does all its toil demand that flashing courage which we call gallantry. Grant's strategy at Vicksburg and Joffre's strategy at the Marne, the patient, slow-maturing plan which won for British arms the battle of Messines Ridge—such feats of war as these must be achieved without that glory of personal bravery which commanders honor and poets sing.

Charles M. Schwab, now master builder of America, may, by his generalship and the contagion of his great enthusiasm, launch in time such a fleet as never the restless seas have known. But it would not win him the Medal of Honor.

Some young inventor, the Edison of tomorrow, may already have perfected, in a remote and lonely laboratory, the device which once and for all will strike the U-boat from the list of Germany's assets. Such a one would contribute more than any other single man to our winning of the war. But he would never gain the D.S.C.

It is by the creation of the Distinguished Service Medal, the new award which recognizes "exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a duty of great responsibility in time of war," and which is not even limited to the theater of operations, that our country may now honor for the first time with all the fighting pomp and ceremony of decoration the mind that makes the plan.

### HAIL, CANADA!

This is Dominion Day, Canada's own. Perhaps we never realized it before, unless we wondered why it was that Toronto and Montreal always played double headers on their home grounds every May 24th.

Canada is playing a daily triple header this year as a visiting team, like ourselves. Canada has been playing it since the season opened in 1911. Canada has played it at Ypres, at Lens, at almost any hot corner you care to name along the British front.

Canada has shown the Kaiser how the sons of the western world can fight.

Closest of our Allies in traditions, in manner of life, neighborhood and neighborliness, the Canadians merit alike our affection and our admiration.

They not only merit it—they have it.

### KEEP IT UP

Somewhere back in the States the postman will leave at one woman's door next week a letter from a wandering son who had not written her in six long years.

Among the hundreds of thousands of Mothers' Letters now drawing near the waiting shore, there are many from boys who had carelessly let uncounted weeks and months slip by without the cheery word from overseas that is just as much a duty here as any the Army expects of us. Probably no ship ever sailed the seas with cargo so rich—so immeasurably rich—in the pleasure it will give, the forebuds it will smooth, the hearts it will warm.

But some of the purpose of that cargo, some of the deeper meaning of the Mother's Day observance held throughout the A.E.F., will have been lost if we do not write often because of it.

It was magnificent—that outpouring of Mothers' Letters. But keep it up.

### THOSE GLOOMY GUSSES

We of the A.E.F. who wear the service chevrons are wont to speculate from time to time on "how things are going back in the States." We have been away for six months or more, and our knowledge of conditions is a little vague.

We have had to depend on personal letters, cable dispatches which only "hit the high spots" of the news, and newspapers and magazines from four to eight weeks old. The newspapers are our widest source of information, and for the last month or so they have been depressing.

"Our air program has failed." "Ship-building has fallen down." "Our army hasn't any arms." "Whole war effort of first year has been wasted." We have read this and wondered.

"Whole war effort wasted." Then we reflected that we were here, many hundred thousands of us, and we figured that this had been overlooked by the man who classed the effort as wasted. We recalled that there seemed to be plenty of nine-pound guns to tote around and decided that the man who said we hadn't any arms had misfigured, too.

The all too evident exaggeration of those two statements encouraged us to believe that there was at least the same amount of exaggeration in the others. Then came word of the tremendous success of the Third Liberty Loan, and there wasn't any doubt left as to "how things are going back in the States."

A soldier started out of his quarters one evening.

"Where are you going?" asked his bunkie.

"Oh, down to the 'Y' hut to read the papers from the States—down to get some gloom."

The newspapers and magazines should remember that the pessimist on America inevitably goes broke.

## The Listening Post

### FAITH

I heard the cannons' monotone  
A mile or two away;  
But in the shell-torn town I saw  
Two little boys at play.

From what was yesterday a home  
I heard the cannons booming;  
But in the garden I could see  
A bed of pansies blooming.

Along the weary, dreary road,  
Forspent and dull I trod;  
But in the sky of spring I saw  
The countenance of God.

There was, as usual, the talk about the long range gun. One of the disputants, also as usual, advanced the theory that when the shell reached a certain height it ignored the power of gravitation.

"Sure," said a skeptical sergeant, "like the colored guide down in Virginia."  
"Tell us," said an obliging private, "about the colored guide down in Virginia."  
"Well," said the sergeant, "this fellow was sitting on the seat of his victoria in front of a hotel. A stranger happened along.  
"Drive yo' all out to de pet-fied forest, sah?"

"What's the petrified forest?" asked the stranger.  
"Why, ev'ryth'g pet-fied. Trees, ev'ryth'g. One place where a bird was flyin' from tree to tree, an' dat 'ol' bird jes' pet-fied right in de air between de trees."  
"How could that be? The power of gravitation would prevent that."  
"What's 'at, sah?"  
"The power of gravitation."  
"Yes, sah. Dat 'ol' gravitation, sah, dat done pet-fied, too."

The second Lieutenant wheeze is getting as numerous as Ford stories used to be two or three years ago. To a comment to this effect a second Lieutenant said, "Well, all right. Maybe we're the Fords of the Army. We give the best service for the money, at that."

At the hour of bayonetting to press, the Giants were still so far ahead that it looked as though they would again get second money in the world series next October.

### BLESS HIM!

A man we like  
Is a certain Sarge;  
He furnishes  
A rhyme for large.

What will be in the peace compact it is hard, at this s. of the g., to forecast; but the guess is hazarded that this proviso will be in it: that if, after the war, anybody says "Potato" to a German hostilities will be considered on again.

### SAYS THE BATTERY

We shot a round into the air,  
It fell to earth, we knew not where;  
But later we were told, by Gosh!  
That it had slain a hundred Boches.

The carrier pigeons are arousing the interest of the Yanks. A private suggests that the pigeons be crossed with parrots, in order that the birds may deliver their messages orally instead of by "flimsy."

One of the Washington State boys over here is so attracted by the French and their ways that when he gets back he is going to try to have the name of his home town changed to Voila! Voila!

Suggestion to a poet: The heavens are filled with service stars, but not until we win the war shall we be entitled to see the service stripe—the rainbow of hope.

### FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE

A word of praise  
For Henry Moore;  
He hasn't yet  
Said: "Bony sore!"

Also, please  
Cite Johnny Swains;  
He never calls  
It "Axeless Banes." E. J. B.

At a late hour last night the flapjacks in a certain mess were heavily oversubscribed.

And now the boys want Shakespeare in ragtime. A corporal confides that the troupe in his bunch are going to put on "Jazz You Like It."

### A SQUARE GUY

Freddie, old kid, take this from me—  
I know this world and what it's made of—  
One on the square has naught to be  
Afraid of.

The German guns and bayonets? Nope.  
Such deadly things need not alarm him.  
Why, even all that mustard dope  
Can't harm him.

He's just as safe in No Man's Land  
As in the Mississippi Valley;  
Safe in all places on the Rand.  
McNally.

Once, in my trench, when things were hot,  
I sang as though my Jane could hear me:  
A rat came in and he did not  
Come near me.

Whenever I may chance to be,  
I'll sing a few bar-monic strains—  
Upon the plains of Picardy,  
Or Kansas.

Still of my smiling Jane I'll sing.  
No matter where the Fates may drop me;  
And nobody nor anything  
Shall stop me!

### NINE

Sir—How many times do you have to land in the "Listening Post" before you become an Ace?

And there ought to be some decoration for the regiment every one of whose members goes through one day without using the term "camouflage."

### CHEERY? . . . OH! ! !

It used to be "the gin mill" back in I'll ole N'Yawk;  
He used to lap 'em up with side-kick "Bo."  
But since he's lit in France it's quite a different line of talk.

He struggles with a briquet as he lights a "gasper" lean  
And airily describes the bloomin' "show"  
Agin the stingy bar of some estaminet, old bean,  
And instead of: "How!" he toasts it:  
"Cheerio!" A. McK.

After the Salvation Army had given a certain company some cocon, the company advanced successfully against the enemy. After the war the S.A. will be justified in telling folks how many miles the boys got to the gallon.

The long-range gun's batting average for the last few weeks is about .000.

It seems to be popping up to the infield.

## YES, THIS REALLY HAPPENED



### A SONG FOR THE A.E.F.

In the might of our strength we are coming, with the courage of righteous wrath;  
Each day brings us nearer and nearer, as we sail Neptune's watery path;  
For we heard in the far-off distance, the cry of an outraged land;  
And we're leaving the homes that we cherish, to fight on a foreign strand.  
From the uttermost ends we are coming—from city, and hamlet, and town;  
We are coming, oh, France, to lend our aid, till the war-lord's crest goes down.

From the banks of the broad Mississippi, that flows with a sinuous ease;  
From the borders of California, the home of the redwood trees;  
From the rice fields of Alabama; from the hill sides of bleak Vermont;  
From the whole broad land we are coming, to strengthen the Western front.  
We're a liberty-loving people, and we've not forgotten our debt—  
We are coming, oh, France, to spend our blood, and to honor brave Lafayette.

There's many a heart-sick mother, whose eyes will be dimmed with tears;  
There's many a sorrowing sweetheart, who can scarce allay her fears;  
There's many a wife who is waiting, and praying that "he" shall return;  
There's many a fire-side lonely; there's many a heart that will yearn.  
But they bade us farewell with a blessing, and bravely they watched us sail—  
We are coming, oh, France, to help you win, and shatter the fist of mail!

'Tis not from motives of vengeance that we plunge in the turmoil of war;  
'Tis not for the love of conquest that we're leaving our native shore;  
'Tis the spirit that triumphed at Yorktown, and it urges us onward today,  
For freedom has sounded her clarion, and manfully we must obey.  
United, we never shall falter in the task so bravely begun—  
We are coming, oh, France, in countless hosts, from the land of the setting sun.  
Pvt. GEORGE E. PARKER, Co. L, — Inf.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE FRONT

To billet an entire battalion in the limits of two farm courtyards means cramped quarters. Everything that can be made to pass for a shelter must be pressed into service, and the result is sometimes bizarre.

Our billeting officer stopped beside a big sheet-iron cylinder that once had been a cistern, but now, discarded, was lying in a corner of the courtyard on its side.

"It's a wonder," he observed sardonically, "that this neat little bombproof wasn't put on our list. It would furnish cozy quarters for two, at least."

A head popped out of the open end of the cistern and grinned:

"Already taken, sir."

The officer crouched down and looked inside. The cylinder was belted with straw, two blanket rolls were spread out in inspection order and two walking sticks, trench model, stood by the door.

"Shades of Huckleberry Finn!" the officer cried. "I've heard of living in a hoghead and a packing box, but never before in a cistern."

The company had stopped on the march for a ten minute rest in a small town. A husky doughboy sat down on a doorstep and eased off the weight of his pack. A small boy passed, turned and hesitated. An exchange of glances and the youngster sidled over. In another minute three or four other gamins were crowding around.

One particularly small fellow climbed up on the doughboy's knees. Suddenly, the youngster reached up with both arms and gave his burly American ally a kiss on the cheek.

The doughboy didn't seem to know what to do. A mule skinner cautiously gawfixed. The small boy, not at all embarrassed, repeated the performance. Again the driver gawfixed, but this time not so heartily. Then there was a marked pause.

"Er—how does it feel, Bill?" the mule skinner queried.

"Darn good," came the cheery answer. "I'm a family man, you know."

We were searching for the mayor, who also was the schoolmaster of the *ecole communale*. We went to the school house first, though it was Sunday, on the chance that he might be in the neighborhood.

We pecked in. A familiar figure—but not that of the schoolmaster—sat at the high pulpit-like desk. A ruddy face; a large black cigar a-till; a pencil flying across sheets of copy paper, grinding out an article for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Yep, it was Col. Irvin Cobb, Ky.N.G., U.S.A.

"Here's where I spend my Sundays," he observed. "If you want to find me on week days keep on down the street to where a dog will run out and bite you. Anyway, he bit me."

Everybody in this outfit wears a gold stripe on his left arm, and a goodly number boast campaign badges in addition. So it occurred to an energetic correspondent attached

to the battalion to request an interview with the organization's oldest veteran.

"Sure," agreed the major, "but there are certain difficulties. It's hard to interview."

"Aw, I can make him talk," declared the reporter. "Just lead me to him."

The major got up and led the way out into the courtyard and around to the stables.

"Here he is," said the officer, grinning. "He has stopped in front of an aged mule. His name is 'Peanuts.' He has served in Cuba, the Philippines, China, at Vera Cruz, on the Border, and in France. Go to it, young man."

But all that Peanuts would say for publication was, "He-haw! He-haw!"

The favorite song of a certain outfit of machine gunners is to the tune of "A Long, Long Trail." The chorus runs:

There's a long, long trail a-winding,  
Way out in No Man's Land in France,  
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting,  
And we must advance.

There'll be lots of drills and hiking,  
Until our dreams all come true,  
For we're going to show the Kaiser  
What a machine gun battalion can do.

Five other verses in ballad form follow, and then section seven advances and delivers the *coup de grace*:

Well, Kaiser, I'm through talking.  
I'll give you one advice,  
You had better chat with Sammy  
And try to compromise.

For when we get good started  
You never can tell;  
We're going to have your left ear,  
Or chase you into 'ell.

"We were riding along a wooded road," the major related. "I saw my intelligence officer intently studying the landscape. That pleased me. I said to myself, 'He's getting observant. I'll make a damn good soldier of him yet.' Then it occurred to me to check up on the facts. So I asked him what he was thinking about."

"He pointed up to the festoons of mistletoe that draped the road, and grinned.  
"Golly," he sighed, "if I only had my little Mary here in an old fashioned country buggy!"

The orderly saluted.  
"Sir," he reported, "the rations are coming up the road, in charge of that lasso man."

"Who?"  
"Sergeant Lacrosse, that lasso man."  
A light dawned on the adjutant.  
"You mean *lasson*?"  
"Yes, sir—LEE-AY-SON, sir," he repeated painfully. "It's a tough word, sir."

"Souvenir, m'sieur! Bees-kicce, s'il vous plait!"

That is the cry along all the Paris-Amiens march route, from the juvenile population of France. It is a plea for a remembrance in the form of hardbread. Young France loves these flinty crackers as passionately as an epicure loves caviar. And, possibly, for the same reason—it is an acquired taste for a foreign delicacy.

### 'AM ENCLOSING PHOTO'

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you endeavor to obtain and print in as black type as you have in stock what may be considered a "reasonable restraint" on "background" in photographs to be sent to the States.

In the first place, although there are doubtless German spies in all our zones in France, not one in ten thousand would attempt to convey any information to his ilk in the States through the medium of a photograph of the nature to which we are all restricted. In the second place, so vague and hazy seems to be the general idea on the part of company censors of what constitutes a "background" that I have heard objections to a tree, a brick wall, a section of a building of which there are hundreds similar in France.

Said the censor, "It can't be sent—it connects up a man with a place." On the outside of the envelope, in the latter instance, was written full information of the location of the man's detachment—of course not the French town name—and the application of an indistinct rule to the picture in question was surely a job for a Philadelphia lawyer. Pictures legitimately taken and intelligently censored will be all that thousands of American Mothers—I capitalize these words with feeling—can cherish in remembrance as the years of the Final Peace pass into the Beyond. In the name of common sense, let's have a definite understanding on the picture question, and at least obtain for the men who are doing the work of civilization as much freedom with their souvenirs as has the Committee of Public Information with the cut-and-dried and often sordid facts of this finish-fight we're pulling off over here.

There are lots of things the Hunns would like to know that they never will know. The morning after the grand smash they're going to be a silly-looking lot, walking up to the significance of civilization. But let's not join the Ancient Order of Virgin-Aunties when it comes to Jim Jones sending Ma the awful truth about how these overseas caps look. The more background, in this instance, the better, *n'est-ce pas?*

WALTER B. MAIR, Corp., Signal Corps.

[If the German Army were at the gates of Paris and an American soldier had his picture taken with the Eiffel tower for a background, that picture would obviously tell the German high command that on such and such a date, or thereabouts, Private — of the — Infantry or Artillery or Engineers was aiding in the defense of Paris. It would prove the location of the — Infantry or Artillery or Engineers and, by inference, of the — Division. Substitute a stone wall or a cherry tree or a grass bank for the Eiffel tower, and the German high command would have to do a lot of heavy scouring around, no matter how efficient its intelligence system, to find out just where Private — faced the camera with as much equanimity as he does German rifle fire. A hill in the background, an odd feature of the landscape, a stretch of river, any of these natural features might be of use to the enemy. But the stone wall or cherry tree or grassy bank is as safe as a fake sea-shore background in a photograph's study—perhaps safer, for the German, for all we know, may have a catalog of all fake backgrounds in France. It all comes down to this: Common sense is censoring, or to make it shorter, common censoring. There has come to our attention a back home newspaper which printed a photograph of a little French church, sent by an American soldier and also his letter, saying, "Am enclosing photo of the church where I attended mass last Sunday." That is a pretty good sample of what ought not to be passed. If that particular man had sent a close-up of himself taken with the church wall for a background it would have been different.—Enirox.]

### WHEN YOU GO TO NICE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: For the information of officers contemplating spending their leave in Nice, I should like to mention the Officers' Club in that city as a place to visit. The American colony at Nice has gone to considerable trouble and expense to outfit a suitable club for the entertainment of visiting officers.

I had the pleasure of meeting many charming people at the club. There are quite a few American ladies who give teas there every afternoon and do everything in their power to make things pleasant for their guests.

As an inducement, one lady stated that there would always be lemon pie for tea on the day that she would serve. Lemon pie should be a sufficiently tempting prospect for any good American, and, in addition, there is the opportunity to meet some of our own true American women.